

S. & O.'s Pointers

We want to impress upon the minds of our trade that we are in the spice business in earnest; don't pay 50c pound for pepper when we sell the best for 30c and two checks, or 25c net. All other spices in proportion.

We sell teas, coffees and spices on the same basis as our other goods.

SCHUMACHER & GAMMETER
104 S. Howard st.
People's Phone only, 526.

Grand Opera House

ONE EVENING ONLY, **THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15**
The talented and beautiful actress,
Marion Manola

In the Grand Scenic Production,
Friend Fritz...

Friend Fritz...

This is the most fascinating and beautiful play, with the sweetest music, which has ever appeared before an Akron audience.
Prices—\$1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c

Grand Opera House

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 20,
MR. THOMAS JEFFERSON
And a splendid supporting cast



THOMAS JEFFERSON
"RIP VAN WINKLE"
Presenting

Rip Van Winkle.
Prices—\$1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c. Sale opens Friday at 9 a. m.

GAUL'S HOLY CITY

Will be given at the
German Reformed Church
Friday Evening,
November 16th,

By distinguished soloists from Cleveland and Akron, assisted by a large chorus from Cleveland and Akron.

Admission . . 25 Cents
Concert begins promptly at 8 o'clock p. m.

RE-OPENED

MRS. L. R. EDWARDS has returned to the city and after Monday, Oct. 28th, can be found in new quarters over Gannard & Wood, 108 S. Main st., with her Dress Cutting School and Ladies Tailoring. All former friends and new patrons cordially invited to call.

MRS. L. R. EDWARDS,
108 S. Main st., over Gannard & Wood's.

THE TASK.

Bald Duty: "Take thy pen and write
Life's troubling lines, words weighed with import
light
Enough of something on Sylvia's eye!
Enough of smiling of her rose and white!"
I sit me down, when, lo, upon my right
(My inner flash, since there is no one night)
A vision flashes; thoughts of Duty fly
Like southern birds adown an autumn night.

O mentor stern, no task that thou canst set,
I care not what's to come, thou bidst it be.
"Will far remove me from some dream of her!"
Look, I am wearing Love's smile!
And hence thou mayst as soon part land and sea
As thoughts of Love from Love's true worth
shipped!

—Clinton Scollard in Cosmopolitan.

Feminine Thrift.

He—Have you done as I asked, Elsie, and saved some money this month?
She—Oh, yes. I spoke to the grocer and asked him not to send in his bill till next month.—F. J. Geraghty Platter.

Late & Locals

The funeral of the late Michael Stein will be held at the residence, 1041 S. Main st., at 1:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon. Interment in Glendale cemetery.

Messrs. Sandy Gilletty and James J. Geary Monday purchased the "Old Homestead" saloon and restaurant at 216 East Market street, formerly owned by Mr. Jacob Miller.

The Merrill Pottery Company is erecting a large addition to the south side of its plant. The addition is being erected in that part of State st. which was vacated by the city several years ago.

The funeral of the late Henry Heepe will be held at the residence, 548 W. Market st., at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon. The remains will be in charge of the K. O. T. M. Interment in Mt. Peace cemetery.

The last of the old Jennings High school has been torn down. The work of excavating for the Pennsylvania company's tracks will begin in earnest within a few days. This excavation completely removes one of the oldest landmarks in Akron.

Within a few days the Akron Paint & Color company will begin the erection of a new factory just north of the intersection of Main and Furnace sts. The building will be of one story, in order to furnish better protection against fire. It will be of brick.

Draymen, in moving the household goods of Mrs. Geo. Keck to 200 Pink street, a few days ago, lost two drawers out of a New Home sewing machine. The drawers were lost somewhere on Balch, Maple, Portage, Cedar, or Wabash ave. A reward will be given to person returning them to Mrs. Keck.

The road for which a petition was presented to the County Commissioners last summer has been opened west of the railway tracks at Halo. It connects the Akron and Manchester road with the Triplet road, and does away with the two railway crossings for those who travel between Akron and Barberton via those thoroughfares. The newly opened road will be a part of the Akron and Barberton boulevard.

Card of Thanks.

We beg to express our profound appreciation for inquiries made, sympathy extended, and assistance offered, during recent sickness in family. All will ever be gratefully remembered.
Rev. and Mrs. Keller.

THE SECRET SERVICE.

Threefold Work of Reading a Cipher Dispatch of 2,000 Words.

Some governments make use of numerals for their ciphered communications with their agents abroad, others a mixture of numerals and words, and yet others exclusively words. Of course, the only problem that needs solution in deciphering of this kind is to ascertain the key number or key word. When that is accomplished, the remainder is easy, though generally very tedious. Indeed it is difficult to conceive of a more tiresome, head splitting piece of work than either to cipher or decipher a dispatch of some 1,500 or 2,000 words. The writer talks from sad and weary experience.

Some governments change the key word or key numerals with each dispatch, according to a settled arrangement. Others, again, change it every month. Sometimes it is placed at the beginning of the dispatch, at other times at the end. To the uninitiated a dispatch of this kind will appear in the nature of a Chinese puzzle, but to an expert cryptographer the deciphering of a government code dispatch is mere child's play.

Occasionally the dispatch will appear a mere jumble of consonants without any meaning, while at other times it will be so ciphered as to contain sensible and plausible sentences, the meaning of which appears on the surface. It was a code of this kind that was used by the Spanish secret agents in this country during the war with Spain, and the clever staff of secret service men employed by the United States government were in a very short time possessed of a key to the cipher in question.—New York Tribune.

In Tartary onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfumes. A Tartar lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing a piece of freshly cut onion on her hands and over her countenance.

More than 1,000 kinds of rubber shoes are made in the United States.

A FAMOUS BEAUTY'S RESCUE

Emily Marshall's Walk Over a Human Bridge at Niagara.

Writing of "The Loveliest Woman in All America," William Ferriss, in The Ladies' Home Journal, recalls the thrilling adventure of Emily Marshall, the famous Boston beauty, at Niagara Falls. She, with Nathaniel P. Willis and a youth, ungainly college student, Job Smith, attempted to go under the falls. In those days a perilous undertaking. After they had proceeded a short distance under the sheet of water there was a rumbling noise and a commotion, and a part of the ledge which formed the path disappeared, cutting Miss Marshall off from her companions by an abyss six feet in width and leaving her but a small stone in the swirling torrents to stand upon.

"In the commotion Job had been forgotten, but instantly a ray of hope shot into Willis' heart when he saw his rugged features, his sandy hair plastered over his forehead, his scanty dress clinging to his form like a skin and his hand trembling on the poet's shoulder as he steadied his steps. Without saying what he intended to do he crept down carefully to the edge of the foaming abyss till he stood up to his knees in the breaking bubbles. It seemed impossible that he could reach the lovely creature or that she could jump forward safely from the slippery rock into his arms.

"Willis covered his eyes in fear and wonder. The next moment when he opened them there lay at his feet the quivering and exhausted girl. Job was nearly seven feet high. He had dug himself over the gulf, caught the rock with his fingers and with certain death if he missed his hold, Miss Marshall had quickly walked over his body in his bridgeline posture. At this moment the guide returned with a rope, fastened it around one of Job's feet and dragged him back through the whirlpool. When he recovered from his immersion, he fell on his knees in a prayer of thanks to God, in which the poet and the beauty devoutly joined him.

HE ASPIRED TO OFFICE.

And He Will Never Forget His First Lesson in Politics.

One Detroitite who hopes some day to be elected to the legislature jolies the reporters by saying that he used to be a member of the craft. One of them, who prefers evidence to bare assertion, asked the political aspirant all about it and extorted this reluctant explanation:

"Well, just between you and me, it was this way: My father ran a weekly paper down in Indiana, and it was the party organ in the county. When I got home from college, I made up my mind that I was about ripe to be the clerk of courts. The old gentleman told me that I was pretty raw, but he agreed to be my strategy board and said he reckoned he could pull me through if I'd obey orders and make no moves on my own responsibility. I can see now that he was a great general, but you know how heady a young fellow is before the world has bumped him a few times.

"So I put up what I thought was a great scheme and kept it from the governor. The truth is that I thought him just a little slow for my class. The man against me on the opposition ticket lived in another town, and we had never met. So I went over there, told him that I was a reporter from my father's paper and proceeded to get his plans for making the fight.

"We had a delightful talk for an hour, smoking his cigars and sampling the juice of the grape from his own vineyard. I was too tickled for words till I got about half way home. Then I'd liked to have gone into a faint. It just dawned upon me that my smooth host hadn't told me a confounded thing and had got out of me my campaign to the minutest details. I was beaten to a standstill, and the old gentleman advised me to move.—Detroit Free Press.

Mail Box Honesty.

"That naive trust in human honesty that one sees here is distinctly American," said an Englishman, pointing to a letter box. "I would like to see a continental business man lay packages and large envelopes on the top of the post boxes. They would be taken before the glue of the stamps was dry. There is another reason why we can't do that at home. Our dear old London fog would wipe out the address in short order, and unless the collections were frequent the paper would be reduced to a pulp. A dry climate makes you Americans talk with a dreadful nasal accent, but it shows up your honesty."—New York Tribune.

A Jamaican Experience.

For some years after my marriage I lived at Old Harbor, a small place about 20 miles from Kingston. One day when a visit to my Kingston dressmaker was a necessity I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the rumble and drive me to the town.

I paid my visit to the dressmaker, and, receiving my frock, a light summer thing, from her, I placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat and drove on to my sister's, where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy sixpence and bidding him see the sights and return at 4 o'clock.

He turned up punctually, with the grin still on his face, and in due time we reached Old Harbor once more.

When I went to take out my crisp muslin, I found, to my consternation, it was a wet, sloppy mass. No rain had

fallen, and even then—I turned to the boy: "Solomon, what in the world does this mean? How? But the look of utter helpless amazement on his face stopped me.

"Lor' missus, it am queer, but not so queer as what done happen to me. Me bought a quattrig (1 1/2 d.) wort' of dat pretty ting dey calls 'ee' to bring home an show ma sister, an I put him in dar wid you dress to keep him safe, an now him gone for true, an how him get out I dunno wid you sittin on him all de time!"—Harper's Magazine.

\$5,000 For Twenty Words.
One day Andrew Carnegie at Pittsburgh called up one of his New York lawyers by long distance telephone.

The steelmaker wanted to ask a question, but could not make himself understood clearly over the telephone, so he asked the lawyer to come to Pittsburgh.

The lawyer said he had an important appointment in New York next day and could not get away.

"Come over now, then," Mr. Carnegie said.

"Can't get train," answered the lawyer.

"Hire a special," was the answer which came back from Pittsburgh. So the lawyer engaged a special train, went to Pittsburgh and saw Mr. Carnegie.

The steelmaker asked the lawyer's advice as to whether the question troubling him called for "yes" or "no."

The lawyer answered, "No."

"Thank you," said Mr. Carnegie. "Good night."

The lawyer had said less than 20 words, for which he received \$5,000, said "Good night" to Mr. Carnegie, and took a special train back to New York in time to keep his appointment next day.—New York Herald.

The Old Time Doctor.

"When I was a young fellow," said the man who notices things, "the family physician attended to all the ills of the family, and the specialists of the profession were wholly unknown. The country doctor was a surgeon as well as a physician. He was almost always clever and usually had remedies of his own invention for common ailments. A large number of the successful patent medicines now before the public are prescriptions of the old time country physician. I could name a dozen such.

"Old Dr. Hill, who was the leader in the town I grew up in, was called into the country by an urgent message one night. He wasn't advised what the patient was suffering from and upon arrival found it was an ulcerated tooth that was subjecting its owner to almost unbearable pain. Not a surgical instrument did the doctor have with him, and his office was seven miles away. Did he send back for his instruments? Not much! He extracted that tooth with an ordinary hammer and nail to the complete satisfaction of his patient and himself. I'll wager he made a mighty good job of it too."—New York Tribune.

She Couldn't Stand It.

"No," said the beautiful actress, "I cannot be your wife. I love you dearly, Mr. Frost, and if you had any other name I would be glad to go through life sharing your joys and sorrows."

"But," he protested, "my name should not stand in the way. What is it Shakespeare says? 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' What is the matter with my name? Does history record a single dark or unworthy deed committed by a Frost? No. Ah, darling, say you will make me the happiest man on earth!"

"No, no! I cannot! I cannot!" she moaned. "Why, if I were to marry you every newspaper paragraph in the country would have something to say next morning about 'The Frost Miss Darlington received at yesterday's performance.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Professor's Escaped Bacteria.

He was apparently an old man, wore large spectacles and carried a small satchel. Across the satchel was labeled, "Professor Redd, Chicago." He entered the waiting room of a suburban station and deposited the satchel carelessly near the ice cooler. Suddenly those near saw the satchel fall and heard the sharp tinkle of breaking glass. The old man picked up the glass and muttered exclamations of distress.

"To think I brought them all the way from Brazil," he said.

"What were they?" inquired some one in the sympathetic crowd.

"Germs!"

"What?"

"Bacteria of a strange Brazilian fever."

"Quick, man! Crush them with your foot!"

"I can't, sir. They are now floating around in the air."

There was a moment of horror. Then there was a rush, and a little later the old man was the only occupant of the waiting room. A window was raised from the outside.

"Just let them out easy, Pete," cautioned a voice.

And the bogus professor obeyed. Satchels, grips and cases went through the window. After he had finished collecting the professor followed the booty. His false beard fell back in the room, but he did not attempt to reclaim it. The arrival of his train prompted those outside to venture in for their baggage. It had vanished, and the black beard told the tale.—Chicago News.

A Successful Strategem.

When the electric telegraph was first

introduced into Chile, a stratagem was resorted to in order to guard the posts of the natives and to maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between 40 and 50 captive Indians in the Chilean camp. General Pinto, in command of the operations, called them together and, pointing to the telegraph wires, said:

"Do you see those wires?"

"Yes, general."

"I want you to remember not to go near or touch them, for if you do your hands will be held, and you will be unable to get away."

The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the general made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation, after which he exclaimed:

"I command you to let go the wire!"

"I can't! My hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian.

The battery was then stopped. Not long after the general restored them to liberty, giving them strict instructions to keep the secret. This had the desired effect, for, as might be expected, the experience was related in the strictest confidence to every man in the tribe, and the telegraph remained unmolested.

Lincoln's Offhand Way.

In 1861, when Mr. Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated as president, his train stopped at Rochester, Pa., a station on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad. Mr. Lincoln alighted from the car to stretch his long limbs by walking on the station platform. His identity became known to the townspeople assembled there, and a friendly conversation with him ensued.

In reply to a reference to the threatening political outlook he said, "Oh, no one has been hurt yet."

Seeing a tall man in the crowd, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he and the man were of about the same height and proposed that they measure. They took off their hats and stood together, back to back, while some one placed a hand above their heads and found Mr. Lincoln to be slightly the taller.

An Apt Amendment.

Years ago a bill entitled "An act for the preservation of the heath hen and other game" was introduced into the New York house of assembly.

The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it, "An act for the preservation of the heathen and other game."

He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member from the northern part of the state who had suffered from the depredations of the frontier Indians rose to his feet.

"I should like to move an amendment to the bill," he said mildly, "by adding the words, 'except Indians.'—Youth's Companion.

The Account.

"I have called," said the reporter, "to see if you wish to add anything to our account of your wife's reception this evening. We have most of the details and a long list of names, including those who will assist her in receiving."

"No," replied the business man. "There's only one account that I'm expected to take any interest in, and there'll be no one to assist me with that."—Exchange.

No Fuzzle to the M. D.

Wilton—Do you know, I'm in a quandary.

Tilton—Well, what is it?

Wilton—Dr. Bloss gave me some stuff for my appetite, and it was so effectual that it costs me nearly twice as much to live as before. What puzzles me is whether I ought to pay the doctor or he ought to pay me something.—Boston Transcript.

The Devoted Wife.

The Devoted Wife—Oh, hurry, please. This rubber plant tub has fallen on my husband, and I'm afraid he's smashed! Chorus of Rescuers (as they grasp the tub)—Now, all together!

The Devoted Wife—Gently, please, gentlemen. Don't lift it too suddenly. It's got a new leaf just coming out!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where Changes Are Rapid.

The South African stretched himself, yawned and sat up.

"Well, how goes the government?" asked the visitor who had just entered.

"How do I know?" was the answer in question. "I've been asleep for over an hour."—Chicago Post.

FIGURES AND EYES.

An indication of advancing age that admits of no compromise.

"As we grow older," remarked the man who was doing that at the rate of a week every seven days, "we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read or that the print of the newspaper that we have been reading with ease for ever so many years is not quite as good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them farther away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses."

"We recent glasses especially because they are the visible sign of our weakness, and all the world may know by them what we fondly think they have not yet discovered—to wit, that

our eyesight is failing. I am that way myself, or was, and I stood the glasses off as long as I could, and really I could get along very well reading almost any type. Of course, I could not make out every letter, but I could get enough to complete the word, and oftentimes I could supply whole words that were indistinct by the sense of what I was reading.

"But it was the figures that got me down at last. Ah, those figures! There is no context there, and when I saw dates or numerals of any kind the blur of the years shut out all their outlines, and to save me I could not tell what was before me. I made mistakes so often in reading aloud to my wife that she would laugh at me, though she never caught me on the letters, notwithstanding many was the time I guessed at about half I was reading. But figures would not stand any fooling like that, and at last I acknowledged that it wasn't the type or the paper or the light or anything of that sort and got myself a pair of glasses. Now I can tell a figure as well as a letter, and I discover they are printed quite as plainly as ever, though I was sure they were blurred before."—New York Sun.

ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

The American Girl, as Usual, Managed to Win the Trick.

A man who is back from a visit to Paris and Germany is telling a story which ought to make the great American eagle flap his wings with pride. It happened at a little railway station in Germany, Grunewald by name, while the man who tells about it was waiting for a train on a branch line which connects with the main line at that place. Besides himself there were at the station a party of American tourists of the kind you read about in English books and an English family of the kind you read about in American books. The Americans were loud voiced and ungrammatical. They laughed a great deal and they ate peaches, the stones of which they threw at a post to test their marksmanship. They were persons for whom Uncle Sam himself would have felt apologetic, and they displayed the naughty British materfamilias greatly. To the younger members of her family, a gawky boy and a lanky and "leggy" girl of the typical elongated English variety—they were objects of great interest, however, and the girl in particular edged nearer and nearer, to her mother's great disgust. At last she was so near that mamma could endure it no longer.

"Clara!" she called in her loudest voice, "come away at once. You might be mistaken for one of those disgusting Americans!"

A pretty young American looked up and swept Clara from head to foot with a calm glance. Then she went on eating peaches.

"Don't worry, madam," she called out cheerily. "There's no danger of that—with them feet!"—Washington Post.

He Despised Tobacco.

The healthful or reverse action of tobacco has been an absorbing question for decades and one hard to settle. Emerson, cautious as he was, was once drawn into a discussion on the subject and, being a nonuser of the weed, was an ardent advocate of its abolition as a marketable commodity.

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulants?" he asked. "Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do if you give her a chance. In how short a time the gentle excitation of a cup of tea is needed, and the series of intoxications it creates is healthful. But tobacco, tobacco—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain!"

A Bold Defense.

"An enlisted man once put the president of a court martial in a difficult position," says a writer in Cassell's Magazine. "The court martial was trying the soldier for some fault or other. When the evidence—and it took an unusually long time—had been given, the president asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his defense."

"Well, sir," said the man. "I can't see how this 'ere court can sentence me, for Major Jones 'as been reading a paper under the table 'ole blooming time, and Captain Smith 'as been making me into a caricature on the blotting pad, and as for Lieutenant Brown, 'e 'asn't 'ad his commission a year, and don't count anyways!"

Reasoning From Analogy.

Freddy is the son of a Fourth avenue stockbroker, you will understand, and is therefore familiar with some of the terms of the profession.

"Papa," said Freddy.

"Well, my son?"

"Is there such a worm as a book-worm?"

"There is such a creature, Freddy, but it's very rare. The term book-worm, however, is applied to a person who is continually poring over books."

"And papa?"

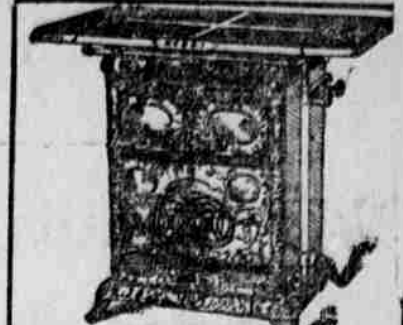
"Well?"

"Is a man who is always poring over the ticker a tapeworm?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

His Ignorance.

Tess—Oh, I like him well enough, but it's so hard to make him understand anything. Last night he asked me several times for a kiss, and I said, "No, no!" each time.

Jess—My goodness! I should think



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that was emphatic enough for any man.

Tess—